

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## The Palmer's Vision.

Noon o'er Judea! All the air was beating  
With the hot pulse of the day's great heat;  
The birds were silent, and the rill retreating  
Shrank in its covert, and complained apart.

When a lone pilgrim, with his scrip and  
burden,  
Dropped by the wayside, weary and  
distracted,  
His sinking heart grown faithless of its  
guerdon—  
The city of his recompense and rest.

No vision yet of Galilee and Tabor!  
No glimpse of distant Zion throned and  
crowned!

Behind him stretched his long and useless  
labor,  
Before him lay the parched and stony  
ground.

He leaned against a shrine of Mary, casting  
its halo of shadow on his aching head.  
And worn with toil, and faint with cruel  
fasting,  
He sighed: "O God! O God, that I were  
dead!"

"The friends I loved are lost or left behind  
me;  
In penury and loneliness I roam,  
These endless paths of penance choke and  
blind me;  
Oh come and take thy wasted pilgrim  
home!"

Then with the form of Mary bending o'er  
him,  
Her hands in changeless benediction  
stayed,  
The Palmer slept, while a swift dream up-  
bore him  
To the fair paradise for which he prayed.

He stood alone, wrapped in divinest  
wonder;  
He saw the pearly gates and jasper walls  
Informed with light, and heard the far-off  
thunder  
Of chariot wheels and mighty waterfalls!

From far and near, in rhythmic palpi-  
tations,  
Rose on the air the noise of shouts and  
paeans;  
And through the gates he saw the ransomed  
nations,  
Marching and waving their triumphant  
palm.

And while within the thronging Empyrean,  
A golden palm-branch in his kindly hand,  
He saw his Lord, the gracious Galilean,  
Amid the worship of his myriads stand!

"O Jesus! Lord of glory! Bid me enter!  
I worship thee! I kiss thy holy hand!"  
The pilgrim cried, when from the burning  
center  
A broad-winged angel sought him where  
he stood.

"Why art thou here?" in accents deep  
and tender  
Outspoke the messenger. "Dost thou not  
know  
That none may win the city's rest and  
splendor,  
Who do not cut their palms in Jericho?"

"Go back to earth, thou palmer, empty-  
handed!  
Go back to hunger and the toilsome way!  
Complete the task that duty hath com-  
manded.  
And win the palm thou hast not brought  
to-day!"

And then the sleeper woke, and gazed  
around him;  
Then springing to his feet with life re-  
newed,  
He spurned the faithless weakness that had  
bound him,  
And, faring on, his pilgrimage pursued.

The way was hard, and he grew halt and  
weary,  
But one long day, among the evening  
hours,  
He saw beyond a landscape gray and  
dusky  
The sunset flame on Salem's sacred  
towers!

O, fainting soul that rearest well this  
story,  
Languishing through pain for death's benig-  
nant balm,  
Think not to win a heaven of rest and  
glory  
If thou shalt reach its gates without thy  
palm!

—J. G. Holland.

## Bread Cast upon the Waters

"PLEASE, sir, will you give me a  
penny? only a penny?"

"No—go along with you! I  
never give money to street beggars!"

And Mrs. Parker sat, if it were  
possible, a trifle more erect in her  
wagon seat, and grasped her um-  
brella tighter around the handle.  
But her husband, Paul Parker, on  
whose kindly face the boy turned  
his gaze, said:

"See here, boy. I've only got a  
fifty-cent piece, and it's more'n I  
ought give away. I shall be here at  
3 o'clock this day week, opposite  
this very tavern. Will you be here  
to pay it back. Mind I only lend it  
to you—and maybe I'll be able to  
find some work for you by that  
time."

"Yes, sir," said the boy, gleef-  
fully, as he scrambled up the side  
of the wheel. "I will be here,  
sure."

"You're a fool, Paul Parker,"  
said the woman, angrily, "to be  
scatterin' your money about in that  
sort of way."

"Do you suppose you will ever see  
it again?"

"I hope so, wife," said the old  
man, touching his placid horse  
gently with the reins and urging him  
into a sort of sleepy jog-trot. "I  
should be sorry to think there wasn't  
no truth in that bright little black-  
eyed fellow. Give the world a fair  
chance, that's all I've got to say."

\* \* \*

The blistering August sunshine  
was pouring into a hot little garret  
room in one of the most squalid and  
neglected purlieus of the town,  
where a brutal looking man was  
smoking a short black pipe, and  
two or three boys lounged round  
half asleep. A hand-organ stood up  
against the wall, a monkey dressed  
in soiled red rags sat chattering in  
the window, and Nino's accordion  
and a thumbed tambourine lay  
near by; Nino himself, with tear-  
stained cheeks and heavy eyelids,  
was crouching in a corner, wistfully  
watching the door, as if resolved to  
avail himself of the first chance  
that offered itself to escape.

There was a sort of wild, weird  
beauty about the boy after all, in  
spite of his swarthy cheeks and for-  
lorn uniform of rags. His brow,  
overshadowed by his thick black  
locks streaked with purplish gloss  
and shine, was frank and open; his  
eyes were soft and liquid as a moun-  
tain spring, and there was both  
spirit and sweetness in the well  
outlined curves of his mouth. Had  
Nino Berani been the offspring of  
aristocratic lineage he would have  
been called as handsome as a boy  
Apollo; but, alas! rags and po-  
verty and blows are anything but  
beautifiers, and Nino had never  
known aught else in his brief and  
sunless life.

Presently the man knocked the  
ashes from the pipe, and laid it  
down with a vicious sidelong glance  
at the boy.

"So you'd got fifty cents hid  
away, you was going to gammon me  
out of, eh?" he demanded. "You  
young vagabond, I'd like to know  
what you meant by it!"

"It was mine!" sobbed the boy.

"I earned it singin' after work  
hours was over. I gave you all I  
earned in the day-time, I did!"

"You're a growler the man, sav-  
agely. 'There ain't nothin' is  
yours. You're mine, and all you  
earn is mine; and if I ever catch  
you up to any such trick ag'in I'll  
split your skull open for you  
Where are you goin' now? Sit  
down again."

"Only out as far as West-Land-  
hill tavern," said Nino entreatingly,  
and his eyes marked the slow creep-  
ing tide of sunshine along the floor,  
that formed his only substitute for a  
clock.

"Well, you won't do no such  
thing!" said the man, evidently in  
a most contrary and quarrelsome  
mood. "Go back to your corner  
ag'in! do you hear? You're not  
goin' to stir out of this afore night,  
and not then unless you behave  
yourself as straight as a chalk-  
mark!"

"I'll be back in ten minutes!"  
"Hold yer noise!" brutally ejac-  
ulated his irate keeper. "I tell  
you shan't stir a peg, there now!  
Dave," to one of the other boys,  
"give us a light here for this pip."

Nino, watching his opportunity,  
as a wild beast might gaze for an  
escape from its cage, gave a forward  
dart just as the man stooped over  
to rub his match against the sole of  
his boot.

But he was scarcely quick enough;  
his tyrant seized him rudely by the  
arm, and slung him across the floor  
as if he had been a toy. He fell, his  
temple striking against the leg of a  
rusty iron bedstead that stood in the  
corner, and lay there, quite insensi-  
ble.

"Blest if I don't think he's done  
for, dad!" said one of the hitherto  
impassive spectators of the scene,  
a boy of thirteen, who was general-  
ly dressed up as a "wandering  
Bavarian," with a tambourine and  
bells.

"Let him alone, I say!" snarled  
the father. "It's a lesson as'll do  
him good!"

And at the same moment the bell  
in the old square tower of the town  
clock struck three.

"I told you he wouldn't be here,

Paul!" exultantly exclaimed Mrs.  
Parker, projecting her keen gray  
eyes into every nook and corner  
around the dim street in front of  
the "West-Landhill House of En-  
tertainment for Man and Beast."  
"I knowed it! Now what do you  
think of your fine, honest boy?"  
"I'm sorry for it, wife—sorry  
from the very bottom of my heart.  
I somehow thought he was different  
from the common lot of 'em, but I  
'pose I had not ought expect much  
from a lad brought up in the  
streets. Well, well, let's drive  
on!"

\* \* \*

The slow-passing years had  
sprinkled their silver blossoms more  
plentifully on Paul Parker's head  
and plowed deeper lines in his wife's  
face; the little girl at their bedside  
had grown into a tall, handsome  
young woman; and once more we  
enter the sanctum of their lives.

"It's father's step, mother," said  
Lucy Parker, jumping up to open  
the door. "Well father, what  
luck?"

"Bad enough, darter," said old  
Paul, meekly shaking the powdery  
fringe of snow from his overcoat.  
"Melton's down ag'in with fever'n  
ager; his wife's poorly and Bruce  
has had a stroke, so he can't work  
no more!"

"And they didn't pay you the  
money! Paul, you were a fool for  
ever lendin' it!" shrieked the wife,  
shrilly. "And what are we to do,  
with Lawyer Martin writin' and  
writin' for the money we owe him?"

"We can do nothing, wife."  
"We shall be sold out at auction  
and die in a poor house yet. Oh,  
Paul, why didn't you pay more  
heed to what I always kept tellin'  
you?"

"Not so bad as that, I hope,"  
said the old man, cheerily, though  
the muscles of lips and brow quiv-  
ered.

"Father, is it St. John Martin,  
the Leeds street lawyer, to whom  
we owe this money?"

"Yes; what do you think about  
him?"

"Not much, father; but I met  
his son at several parties last fall,  
and I—I think if you were to go  
there with me and tell him just  
how it was, or write, even—"

"No use," croaked Mrs. Parker,  
despairing; "other folks ain't so  
ready to let go o' their money as  
your father is, Lucy!"

"Still it's worth tryin'," said old  
Paul, hopefully. "We'll write  
this very night, my girl, and next  
week we'll go up to Boston an' see  
what answer he makes us."

And Lucy Parker ran to get the  
paper and pen and ink-bottle timi-  
dly, trusting in the efficacy of her  
plan.

"For his father can't be so very  
hard-hearted," she thought; "and  
they are so very rich that surely  
this paltry five hundred dollars  
can't be much to them."

The elegantly furnished little  
office on Leeds Street did not often  
have such *outré* equipages drawn up  
before it as Paul Parker's mud-  
besplashed box wagon and shaggy  
old pony; and the elegantly attired  
young lawyer, who sat at the desk  
examining some papers, glanced up  
in surprise at the blooming girl and  
the bent old man entered together,  
like May and December.

"I thought your father—I did  
not know that—"

"My father is detained in the  
country, and I am acting member  
of the firm, Lucy. He took me into  
partnership last week, and this is  
—"

He turned inquiringly, and with  
something of a start, to the brown-  
faced old man, who stood modestly  
in the background. Lucy intro-  
duced her father, and stated their  
business, not without a profusion of  
very becoming blushes; she had not  
expected to find her gallant young  
cavalier of the past fall in the office  
of St. John Martin.

"My father cannot at present  
hope to discharge this debt; but I  
am soon to have a very good situa-  
tion in Madame Elvain's school, as  
music teacher; so, if your father  
would be so kind as to wait a little  
while, we—"

Lucy stopped short; her voice was  
giving way, and she was far too  
proud to yield to the fast coming  
tears in Ninian Martin's presence.  
The young man had listened in  
silence, but now he took up a tin

box from its shelf in the safe, and  
unlocked it, disclosing sundry pack-  
ages of neatly labeled receipts and  
notes.

"Let me see," he said, running  
his eyes over them; "it was a note  
for five hundred dollars, I believe!"

"Yes, sir," answered the old  
man; "five hundred dollars."

"Is this your note?"

Ninian Martin tore it in two and  
laid the fragments on the fire.  
Paul Parker and Lucy gazed in  
astonishment as the handsome  
young lawyer lifted his dark eyes  
calmly toward them.

"There, Mr. Parker, you may  
consider that you have to-day re-  
ceived the payment for a very old  
debt. We have balanced ac-  
counts."

"Sir, I don't understand you,"  
said the bewildered old man. "I  
don't remember—"

"But I do. It's rather more  
than ten years, Mr. Parker, since  
you put money at interest."

"Sir?"

"I will be more plain with you,"  
said the young man smiling.

"Perhaps Miss Parker is not  
aware that I am only the adopted  
son of my more than father. My  
real name is Nino Berani. I am  
an Italian by birth. Just ten years  
ago I was begging in the streets of  
Landhill, starved and penniless.

A kind hand—you know whose,  
Mr. Parker—extended itself to me  
in the hour of need."

The old man's face lighted up.  
"I remember now. It was a  
fifty-cent piece; and I told you to  
come back just a week from that  
time, and—"

"And I did not come. No, but  
I tried my very best to come, but  
was prevented by the brutality of  
the man whose slave and drudge I  
was. For weeks afterward, every  
Thursday, I was on the spot at  
3 o'clock, watching and waiting for  
you, but you never came."

"No; we moved away from  
Landhill."

"Well I begged my way to Bos-  
ton, having run away from my ty-  
rant. St. John Martin found me  
one night in the streets. He had  
just lost his only child, a boy about  
my own age, and not unlike me in  
personal appearance, and somehow I  
seemed to take the vacant place in  
his heart. There you have my his-  
tory from the day in which you did  
the first kind deed and spoke the  
first kind word that had cheered my  
loneliness for years! I resolved  
then if ever it lay in my power I  
would return the gift a thousand-  
fold. But I never dreamed that  
Lucy's father was my benefactor."

He turned to her with a bright  
congratulatory smile as he con-  
cluded, while the brown face of  
Paul Parker worked strangely with  
the emotions he could not control.

"I thought you wouldn't ha'  
cheated me, boy," he said simply.  
"I thought your face was a good  
and true one. But I hadn't no right  
to your generosity. Your father—"  
"My father and I are one, sir, in  
thought, deed and wish."

"I don't know how to thank  
you, young man."

"Then do not attempt it. Per-  
haps one of these days," he added,  
"I may ask you for yet more  
favors."

Old Paul Parker went home to  
his wife sedately triumphant.

"Wife, you've said, 'I told you  
so,' all your life; now it's my turn."

"What on earth do you mean?"  
grumbled his ascetic helpmate. "I  
do believe you're gettin' in your  
dodge."

"Maybe I am, in that case,  
though I wish I'd got into it long  
ago."

And he told his adventures while  
Lucy sat by, smiling.

"Didn't I invest that fifty cents  
to pretty good advantage?" he de-  
manded gleefully.

And Mrs. Parker answered not a  
word, but stared until her very  
spectacle-glasses were in danger.

"Well, I never!" was her ultima-  
tum.

"He wants new favors some day  
from me," added Paul, merrily look-  
ing into Lucy's eyes. "What do  
you say, mother?" Can we spare  
our little gal, here?"

"Don't, father!" cried Lucy, hid-  
ing her face; but she did not look  
very angry, after all.—*New York  
News.*

## AWL JABS.

CASSANDRA SPEAR.

POSSUM CORNERS, March 14, 1915.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Once upon a  
time there lived a lady named Miss  
Cassandra. She lived in the old  
town of Troy in Asia Minor, of  
which Mr. Homer wrote in his pret-  
ty poems called the *Iliad* and *Odys-  
sey*. She was the daughter of Mr.  
Priam, the leading collar and shirt  
manufacturer of that old town, only  
his collars and shirts instead of  
being made of cotton and linen like  
those now made in Troy, N. Y.,  
were made of iron and steel.

A good many nice young men  
wanted to marry Miss Cassandra,  
and the one who wanted to marry  
her most of all was Mr. Phœbus  
Apollo, the chauffeur of the sun.  
But Miss Cassandra refused to elope  
with him in his sun auto, and Mr.  
P. Apollo became so mad that he  
crossed his fingers and said that no  
matter what she might say about  
anything in future nobody would  
believe her.

Miss Cassandra became a clairvoy-  
ant. Now, a clairvoyant who wants  
to be successful must tell her visitors  
only about nice things that will hap-  
pen to them. Miss Cassandra form-  
ed the bad habit of telling those  
who came to her about future  
troubles and sorrows and accidents  
and deaths, but naturally nobody  
would believe her, just as Mr. Apollo  
had said would be the case.

So croakers and calamity howlers  
and pessimists have since then been  
called *Cassandras*, provided they  
were skirts and not trousers.

It seems that in my old friend and  
playmate, Mr. Alcorandolph Spear,  
the N. A. D. has a professional  
croaker and Cassandra who can see  
only the dark side of things.

A friend sent me the Seattle *Ob-  
server* for February 25, yesterday,  
that contains a reply from Mr. Spear  
to the awl points I jabbed into him  
in my last letter to the JOURNAL.

Mr. Spear's reply to me is short  
and sweet. It is to the effect that  
my letter was very long, that my  
awl was crooked and that my  
thoughts were ditto. Therefore, he  
could "safely dismiss" me. And  
then he devoted a couple of columns  
to my friend, Mr. George William  
Veditz.

But I refuse to be dismissed,  
safely or otherwise. I intend to  
stick to Mr. Spear as Mr. Banquo's  
ghost that would not down stuck to  
Mr. McBeth, and until Mr. Spear  
stops slandering the N. A. D. and  
making Cassandra statements that  
he cannot prove.

In his former "Spear Point"  
calamity caterwaulings, Mr. Spear  
tried to make the deaf believe that  
the N. A. D. had "slandered" and  
plundered the "common deaf."

He said that he had "squandered" the money on  
side frills.

He did not prove his accusations  
with facts and figures. Merely say-  
ing that the moon is made of green  
cheese, does not prove that the moon  
is made of green cheese.

In my own letter I brought forward  
facts and figures to show that, in  
every one of his accusations and  
statements, Mr. Spear was wrong.

I challenged Mr. Spear to PROVE  
that my facts and figures were  
wrong. His proof consisted in say-  
ing that my thoughts and awls were  
crooked.

Mr. Spear is very, very, verree  
funny.

And now in his last Seattle  
*Observer* letter, Cassandra Spear in-  
dulges in more gobs of gloom.

He says that the N. A. D. is free  
from the federation nightmare.

That is not true, but Mr. Spear  
does not know it.

He says that it is still "loaded  
down" with the moving picture  
scheme."

That it is "loaded down" is not  
true, and Mr. Spear ought to know  
it.

He says that the N. A. D. is "still  
tangled up with a monument repair  
plan."

That is not true, and Mr. Spear  
should be ashamed to make the  
statement.

He says that the N. A. D. "bids  
fair to be crushed to earth" by the  
de l'Epee monument scheme, and  
that for this he "groans."

It may be true that our Cassandra  
groans, but it is not true that the

de l'Epee scheme bids fair to crush  
the N. A. D. to earth.

He says that the N. A. D. has  
not yet started out in earnest to ful-  
fill the mission for which it was  
organized, and that for this he  
weeps.

A basin for the tears, a point  
blank denial for the statement, and a  
demand that Mr. Spear prove the  
assertion.

I will take up Mr. Spear's asser-  
tions in the order in which he has  
made them.

I will ask him to explain WHY  
the federation idea is a "night-  
mare." I want him to explain in  
plain and simple language HOW a  
united, coherent, active, aggressive  
federation of all the various State  
Associations in and under the N. A.  
D., can or will injure the N. A. D.  
or the cause of the American deaf.

I will also ask Mr. Spear to prove  
that I am mistaken when I assert  
that the federation scheme is not  
dead but only sleeping; that it will  
become an accomplished fact when  
the N. A. D. is able to show that it  
means to GIVE and not to TAKE  
from these federated State Associa-  
tions under its banner; that it will  
be able to do this when it has a large  
endowment fund; that the sole rea-  
son, almost, that federation is not  
a fact, is that the several State As-  
sociations balked at the notion of  
taking the membership fees out of  
their treasuries.

Under my real name I have made  
this statement time and again. It  
has never been disproved. And un-  
my real name I have many times as-  
serted that, with a large endowment  
fund, federation would become in-  
evitable; that without such a fund  
federation was next to impossible.

Therefore I say again that the  
federation scheme is not dead but  
merely sleeping. Let Mr. Spear  
prove that I am mistaken.

The N. A. D. is not "loaded  
down" with the moving picture  
scheme.

The moving picture fund as a fund  
became a complete and accomplished  
fact five years ago. The films that  
have since been made, I regard, and  
so do very many others, as among  
the most valuable possessions of the  
N. A. D. In fact they are the only  
things aside from money that the  
Association really OWNS.

These films were not made for our-  
selves. They were made for the  
deaf of twenty-five, fifty, or one  
hundred, one thousand years hence.  
They were made for posterity. They  
were made to preserve the sign lan-  
guage in the best form in which we  
possess it now.

Mr. Spear knows that the sign-  
language is deteriorating, is being  
spoiled and ruined. Our superinten-  
dents, and above all the oralists, are  
doing the best they can to destroy  
it. The deaf who leave our schools  
to-day do not use it with the same  
purity and clearness that the deaf do  
who left school ten, twenty, thirty  
years ago.

These films of Gallaudet, Fay, Mc-  
Gregor, Hotchkiss, Hodgson, Fox,  
Smith, and all the rest, preserve the  
language in the best form in which  
we know it to-day. (Hodgson and  
Fox are not in any films.—*Ed. JOUR-  
NAL.*)

Does any one believe that twenty-  
five years from now the deaf men  
who will then control the N. A. D.  
would sell—so that they might be  
destroyed—for ten thousand dollars  
each, the Lorna Doone film of E. M.  
Gallaudet, or the lay sermon of Rob-  
ert McGregor, or the Sicard film of  
Dr. Jimmy Smith? Would they part  
with the film of Hodgson, together  
with McGregor, the founders of the  
N. A. D.

These films will be priceless.

What then does our Cassandra  
mean by his gloomful howl concern-  
ing the moving picture fund? In  
what manner is the N. A. D. "load-  
ed down" with this fund? In what  
manner is it a burden?

To be tangled up with anything  
means to be troubled by it, to be  
hindered by it, or to be tied up by it.  
Mr. Spear must prove that the Gal-  
laudet repair fund is a matter of  
trouble and embarrassment to the  
N. A. D.

The money is there. It was raised  
over two years ago. At least one  
quarter of this money will become a  
permanent asset of the N. A. D.  
The work of repairing the Gallaudet  
monument is probably under way.  
So far I have not heard that it has  
brought the N. A. D. into trouble

of any kind so as to justify Mr.  
Spear's assertion that it is "tangled  
up" with this fund.

And now the de l'Epee fund. Our  
Cassandra's assertion that this fund  
promises to crush the N. A. D. to  
earth is perfectly unwarranted. The  
Committee in charge has been at  
work for over a year. In this time  
it has raised barely one thousand  
dollars. This is a pitiful sum  
when we remember that there are  
seventy-five thousand deaf in the  
United States. Even if the fund  
reached fifty-thousand dollars, as I  
sincerely hope it will, it will be false  
and far-fetched to say that it will  
crush the N. A. D. to earth.

The thing to do is to make the de  
l'Epee memorial take the form of a  
permanent fund of the N. A. D.,  
with a specific object that would be  
thoroughly in keeping with the  
character of De l'Epee, and that  
would thoroughly express our ap-  
preciation of the great gift the deaf  
received from him—our sign lan-  
guage.

This change, I believe, could be  
made.

If Mr. Spear would stop ranting  
against this fund as he has been do-  
ing, and instead give it his support  
and at the same time argue for a  
change from a memorial statue to a  
memorial fund, he will have better  
chances of succeeding.

Mere ranting and criticism cannot  
stop the work for the fund. The  
Cleveland convention decreed that  
the fund must be raised. This con-  
vention also spoke of a statue. But  
many sensible deaf people will be  
pleased to have a change made as  
suggested above, and will not object  
even though they have already given  
money to the fund with the under-  
standing that a statue was to be got-  
ten therewith.

And lastly, Mr. Spear says that the  
N. A. D. has not even started to do  
its work in earnest.

I do not know what Mr. Spear  
thinks is the duty or mission of the  
N. A. D.



## Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

NEW YORK, MARCH 25, 1915.

EDWIN A. HODGSON, Editor.

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published by the New York Institution for the Instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, at W. 162d Street and Ft. Washington Avenue) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

### TERMS.

One Copy, one year \$1.00

### CONTRIBUTIONS.

All contributions must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in their communications. Contributions, subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the Editor.

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.  
Station M. New York.

"He's true to God who's true to man:  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves most base,  
Whose love of right is for themselves.  
And not for all the race."

Specimen copies sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

Notices concerning the whereabouts of individuals will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.

THE advent of the Spring season suggests that summer is coming on apace, and that the Convention of the National Association of the Deaf is scheduled to open its sessions in San Francisco on the 19th of July.

In some sections of the United States the impression prevails that the deaf who anticipate going to San Francisco are entirely swayed by the attractions of the great Panama-Pacific Exposition.

It is true that the Exposition has influenced very largely the desire to go across the continent. But the main point to the organizers of the National Association Convention is that the Exposition has influenced the cost and conveniences of railroad transportation to an extent that will not again be realized—by the present generation at least.

It has created the opportunity for carrying to the Golden Gate a representative number of the best educated and most progressive deaf of this country, whose deliberations in convention assembled will have weight and worth in promoting the welfare of our class of people; for there is no doubt that the newspapers will carry far and wide the import of the business they may transact, and help to correct much popular error regarding them.

The program is well on the way to completion. It will include seven business sessions, at which will be read and discussed papers upon educational, business, and social problems. There will be receptions, banquets and outings, and plenty of opportunity afforded for profitable and pleasurable visits at the great Exposition grounds.

President Howard has decided that the "official route" shall be over the Chicago and Northwestern to Omaha, the Union Pacific to Denver, the Denver and Rio Grande to Salt Lake City, and the Southern Pacific through Ogden, Reno and Sacramento to San Francisco. The return can be made by different routes.

It will cost less than a hundred dollars, plus sleeper, dining car and incidental charges, to go from New York. By strict economy, two hundred dollars will cover the expense of the entire trip. But fifty or a hundred dollars more would be a guarantee against being stranded.

The special train which is to be made up at Chicago will allow a day at Omaha, to mingle with the Frats and to see that wonderful and thriving city. It is expected that many of the Frats will accompany the National Association delegates.

From Omaha, through the night, the travel will be across the level prairies of Kansas. Then it is hoped a stop may be made at Colorado Springs for a day. Here the great scenic part of the trip will begin. Another day at Salt Lake City will be a wonderful treat and an education. Then on to Sacramento, where it is expected a big bunch of California deaf-mutes will entertain

the silent travelers and accompany them to San Francisco.

There is more than this, but it can be said later.

After the convention, be sure to go to Los Angeles for a stay of two or three days, for the local deaf will be most cordial and the side trips will be something extraordinary.

## National Association of the Deaf.

Organized, August 25, 1880.  
Incorporated, Feb. 23, 1900.

President  
Jay C. Howard, A. L. Roberts, Harley D. Drake,  
Minn. Kan. Washington, D. C.

Secretary  
A. B. Greener, Ohio. Walter Glover, S. C.  
Mrs. A. Lashbrook, N. Y. W. L. Waters, Cal.

Executive Committee:  
Jay C. Howard, Minnesota.  
Ex-Officio Chairman

Owen G. Carroll, of Austin, Texas  
Shelby W. Harris, of Jackson, Miss.  
Arthur L. Roberts, of Olathe, Kansas.  
John O'Rourke, of Haverhill, Mass.  
Robert S. Taylor, of Mount Olive N. C.  
Leo C. Williams, of San Francisco, Cal.  
W. S. Root, of Seattle, Wash.

### OFFICIAL.

Our esteemed Cadi makes me the object of an official communication in the JOURNAL for March 11th, received to-day, and I herewith submit an official reply.

I must say in advance that the Cadi gave me warning in a private letter that he intended to lambast me, and that he felt quite hot under the collar on the subject of the lambasting. Now most of us know that choler is bad for bald-headed people, especially during fly time, and in my answer I advised our commander-in-chief to put a lump of ice on the spot where he felt hot, and also on two others that he mentioned but that are not referred to in the official lambastment in the JOURNAL. I trust he did so. Our Cadi is about the most valuable man the N. A. D. has these days, and we cannot afford to lose him before he reaches the ripe old age of ninety-seven summers.

But really, now, the Cadi stretches the bow of truth to the breaking point, unintentionally, of course, in the forepart of his communication.

The facts of the case are these: A short time before his death, Mr. Regensburg, then already too weak to write, requested my advice through Mrs. Regensburg to whom he dictated the letter, as to what disposition to make of the Moving Picture money still in his hands. I suggested that he should place it either with Mr. Drake, treasurer of the Association, or temporarily with the Trustees of the Endowment Fund, as custodians, preferably the latter, as this Fund was to be residuary legatee of any balance that might exist after the Moving Picture Fund had been declared closed for good and aye.

I also suggested that in case Mr. Regensburg decided to place the money in the temporary care of the Trustees, he make the draft payable to Mr. Willis Hubbard, Treasurer. This was done. The amount was \$1,582.17.

Another draft was \$650.00 payable to Mr. Roy J. Stewart, came at the same time. This money was not sent to Mr. Stewart direct, because a previous remittance had not been acknowledged. I wrote Mr. Stewart, and on receiving his reply sent the \$650.00 to him by return mail.

The draft to Mr. Hubbard was sent when I had definitely located him after his summer vacation jaunt. So it will be seen that I neither took it upon myself "to settle Mr. Regensburg's affairs" nor to "order the division of the Moving Picture Fund into two parts." The settling of Mr. Regensburg's affairs was left to the capable hands of his brother-in-law, Mr. Carroll J. Daly, and the amount sent Mr. Stewart was an appropriation voted him for film purposes some time previously.

As to my authority in the premises, what was it that Mr. George Dewey said on the morning of May 1, 1898, when warned that there were torpedoes in Manila Bay? The course I took was one that the Cadi himself would have taken under the circumstances, even though holding no office or authority, and it is exactly the course I should take again under the same circumstances.

I will only add that it was understood from the very first that this Moving Picture money was to stay in care of the Endowment Trustees only until Mr. Regensburg's duly appointed successor was ready to receive it, AND TO BE DRAWN ON AN ORDER FROM THE CADL. I have asked for this order, but to date it has not come. Not one jot or tittle of either principal or interest will be diverted from the Moving Picture Fund, and personally I must indignantly resent the charge that it was my intention to cabbage, cauliflower, turnip, potato, tomato, or any other vegetable in the catalogue, one penny from this M. P. fund into the Endowment Fund—other than the legitimate residue after the Moving Picture Committee had declared its business closed.

And now I come to a point where

Mr. Howard breaks the fair bow of truth into smithereens. He states that the Endowment Fund Committee, of which I am chairman, HAS DONE ABSOLUTELY NOTHING—the capitals are his, not mine. That is absolutely false.

The committee has been working in a quiet way. There are several hundred dollars, that do not figure on the balance sheet at all, because they are in the form of pledges. One of the pledges is for \$25.00 that I secured from the Cadi himself, and that is still unpaid. One member of the Committee has sent out over two hundred letters, either getting no reply or at best evasive answers. I myself have written to certain gentlemen, who have been very pronounced in their vociferations in behalf of the Fund. One, the loudest mouthed of all, had nothing to give.

It should be remembered that the bulk of whatever donations the deaf make to this fund will come in the form of pledges, with until 1917 to pay. It seems to make no difference when the pledges are made, for most of the pledgers apparently will not pay until the last minute. This is their privilege. More than a year ago, I offered to bet Mr. Howard that the fund would reach \$20,000 by the time of the Hartford Convention. He did not take me up. A few months ago, when I complained that my committee was doing "nothing," I told him that my resignation was at his disposal any minute, or he could fire me instantly. At this time I renewed the \$20,000 bet. It was not taken up.

As to the howlers who think that the committee has done nothing, they know the addresses of Mr. Hubbard, Mr. Hanson, Mr. Eickhoff, Mr. Todd, and myself—Trustees, or Committee members. If they were sincere in their wish to see the fund grow, they would send in their cash or pledges without waiting to be asked. Those who seem likely patriots and who have not yet been asked, will be asked in due time. I will add that when Mr. Howard requested me to appoint State agents I refused point blank. It was his privilege to remove me for insubordination, or any other reason that might hold water. I believed then and believe still that the State agent business is being overdone. Three committees, oh no, five of them, have agents in each State, and I declined to add a sixth.

In conclusion, it should be remembered that all those serving in committees and otherwise for the N. A. D. are doing so as volunteers. They should not be clubbed, but roared gently as by a bald headed sucking dove each time that things seem to move slow.

Respectfully,  
GEORGE WM. VEDITZ,  
Chairman Com. Endowment Fund  
COLORADO SPRINGS, March, 16, 1915.

### A Man of Nerve.

"Speaking of cheap men," said Charlie Smith, deaf-mute promoter of the wrestling shows in this city, to a representative of the Standard the other day, "there was one who came to the door at the auditorium last week, the night Kaiser wrestled Gardini. He stepped up to the ticket seller and grinned.

"How much for a mat side seat to-night?"

"Seventy-five cents," he was told.

"I will give you thirty-five cents for one," he said.

"Fifty cents."

"Seventy-five cents."

"Give you sixty cents."

"I was getting mad." "Seventy-five cents or nothing," I said.

"All right," he replied, "I will take one for nothing."

"I liked his nerve, so passed him in, and, believe me, I nearly dropped dead when he came up to me, after the unsatisfactory ending of the Kaiser-Gardini match," concluded Mr. Smith, laughing.—*Cordland, N. Y., Standard.*

### Taylor to Umpire

EMPORIA, KAN., March 16.—"Dummy" Taylor, former pitcher for the New York Giants, will be one of the Kansas State League umpires for the coming season, according to President Roy Gafford.

In calling his decisions Taylor will use a whistle, blowing once for strikes and twice for balls. A special code will be worked out for base decisions. President Gafford believes that Taylor is especially fitted for the work, because he cannot hear the ragging of the fans, and the disputing of decisions by players will be minimized for the same reason.

### An Arabian Fable.

An Arab went to his neighbor and said "Lend me your rope."

"I can't lend the neighbor."

"Why can't you?"

"Because I want to use the rope myself."

"For what purpose?" the other persisted.

"I want to tie up five cubic feet of water with it."

"How on earth," sneered the would-be borrower, "can you tie up water with a rope?"

"My friend," said the neighbor, "Allah is great, and he permits us to do strange things with a rope when we don't want to lend it."

## GALLAUDET COLLEGE.

At this writing, news is just about as plentiful as the "ditty kale" in an undergrad's vest-pocket, and that is saying a lot; yes, a "werry" great deal, my dear reader, for we are willing to give a handsome solid tin medal to anyone who can flim-flam a Gallaudet man out of an elusive two bits. Verily, the digging of that big ditch at Panama was a merely little light exercise before breakfast as compared with the prodigious toil of prying a suspicious kollege-kid loose from his vile bank-roll.

Why, before you should be working on him five minutes, he would have you moved to tears by some heart-breaking tale of misfortune, and would end by purloining your watch and cuff links, to say nothing of your plug hat and diamond stud. Take the advice of ye scribe, and try cracking safes—its far easier.

"15: 'Where was 'Rassy' when the light went out?'"

"16: 'He was writing a mush-note to his lady love, and spilled a whole bottle of ink and stubbed his toes on a chair and ran into the door and turkey-trotted on his ear in his haste to throw a little light on the matter.'"

### BASEBALL.

The Gallaudet Ball-Team is going better every day. On Saturday afternoon the Buff and Blue beat Eastern High School in a seven-inning game by an 8 to 5 score. The team looked to be in the pink of condition. The play was snappy and accurate, and but few errors were recorded against the Kendall Greeners. Batting also appeared to have picked up.

In Saturday's game Classen and Rasmussen did the hurling. Classen went well till the third inning, when he weakened and allowed a brace of runs to come across the rubber. He was relieved in the fourth by Old Doctor Rasmussen, who pitched shut-out ball.

The Kendall Greeners will receive their first real test when they tackle Catholic University at Garfield Field, next Saturday (the 27th). As Catholic University has the start on us in the matter of training, it is hardly to be hoped that the Buff and Blue will get away with the game, but the team will be out to win, just the same. The battery will probably consist of Rasmussen and Kendall.

We are moved to sympathize with that poor abused door of the "Lab." To'ther afternoon Willman "18, lost a complete set of "blue" words, a nice, peaceful temper, and the starch out of an immaculate collar when the poor door would not open at his touch. We don't blame the door—Willman should have been more polite, anyway.

Those "Rats" are certainly an industrious (?) bunch. Strange how we have managed to line with them six months without getting onto it! Yet the other day we came upon a couple of the wary rodents, and would you believe it—they were actually grinding! Of course "everybody's doing it," but it's a heinous crime to be found out. What are we gonna do with 'em?

Those awe-inspiring exams are rolling relentlessly down on Kendall Green. In a week more, and the "loveliest and the best" of Gallaudet will have achieved either their Gargamelas—or their Waterloo!

This wonderful, indeed marvelous, to observe the unwonted signs of "plugging" that are creeping thru these sacred halls of learning. Midnight oil is all the rage. Old and tattered text-books are being hauled out of the trunks and closets wherein they have been taking a three months vacation from the discordant sounds of the class-room, and are being dusted off and refurbished, preparatory to all-night sessions by candlelight. The reading room, too, is almost deserted, and conversation is on the ban. Everyone is sneaking around with a gait that would lead one to imagine he was returning from the sacking of a hen-roost, while from every nook and corner proceeds the gentle purr of the grindstone. And overall this the Faculty is licking its chops and preparing to mow us down by whole droves and divisions! By the way, "it's a short, short way to the examination-room," and "have you been measured for your coffin?"

On the evening of March 19th, Dr. Ely returned to the love of his youth, Entomology, or, as some one put it, "Bugology." The occasion was the Doctor's Faculty Lecture upon "Medical Entomology," which in "plain United States" means the part bugs play in making a fellow wish to commit suicide.

Dr. Ely's lecture was extremely interesting; more so, since he related many a strange fact concerning insects, and had humorous quips to spring about "his bugship" to make the time fly.

On Saturday evening, March 20th, the D. C. branch of the Gallaudet Alumni Association held a most enjoyable public-meeting in the college chapel, having an audience that filled the hall to the very doors.

There is no use talking, those old, cranky, dignified alumni can keep the younger generation on the jump when it comes to cutting

capers! You see, we are frank about it—we admit ourselves fairly beaten when dramatic talent and fun-making are in order. It would discourage anyone to see Roy J. Stewart, '99, H. D. Drake, '04, W. E. Marshall, '04, "William Bill" Pfunder, and Dr. Hotchkiss, all on the same stage, so we are not hollering.

But, to be serious, the Alumni's entertainment was better than the average "Broadway Show." It embraced several numbers, everyone a "sizzler." Perhaps one of the best parts of the show was the court scene, in which, with Dr. Hotchkiss as Judge, the "Triple Alliance" and the "Allies" were requested to present their cases. Dr. Hotchkiss wisely refrained from rendering a decision, while W. E. Marshall, as Italy, showed equal sagacity in declining to "come off the fence." Another interesting act was a clever exhibition of Parlor Magic by Mr. Lowery, of England.

The dwellers of Kendall Green were recently delighted to receive intelligence of an addition to the household of Prof. and Mrs. Harley D. Drake. He's a boy, and a lussy ten-pounder at that. The stork must have had an awful job in carrying him to his new home, but from what we hear, his fond parents and everybody else who has had the honor of beholding him, are simply enraptured over this little mite of humanity. May he grow up to be a man like his dad, and kerwallop the everlasting daylight out of Gallaudet's foot-ball opponents.

### Austrian Soldier's Remarkable Case.

In the German *Taubstummen-Korrespondenz*, of Leipzig, is published the following interesting account of an Austrian Officer's strange experience: When Austria's dark war-clouds gathered to burst in a terrible havoc on the Russian frontier, many new volunteers joined the colors. Among them was an eminent cultured Austrian business man. After some months in the field his regiment retired to take up winter quarters in the trenches. Here he was stationed many weeks. It was one cold rainy morning, at the time, when it became apparent that the strain was beginning to show on the man, a huge shell exploded above the trench in which he was watching. The shock and roar so dazed him for a moment that he remained in an attitude like one stunned. One of the soldiers spoke to him, but receiving no reply tapped him on the shoulder. It was then found that he had been stricken deaf, but that his sense of speech still remained. In a bewildered plight he was taken to the rear and sent to a celebrated hospital in Vienna, the capitol of Austria. Here he was unsuccessfully treated with electricity and other devices. His case was given up as hopeless, though he often said he repeatedly fancied hearing the same explosions. One afternoon a month later he awoke after a short nap in a wild state of confusion, having had a nerve-racking dream wherein the explosions of shrapnel and shells had so upset his sleep that he awoke in a trembling state of fright. The doctors spoke to him, and to the astonishment of all he replied perfectly normal, having in some way recovered his hearing. There was much rejoicing, and though at first he was loth to leave for the front again, his country's spirit finally called him back to arms. This is one of the first cases on record of such nature.

### THE RELIEF FUND.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—I trust it is not too late to say a word in connection with the Relief Fund now in your hands.

It would seem to me that the best course would be to send the entire sum to Miss Pitrois. Her home, Bordeaux, can be safely reached by mail, a thing that cannot be said of either Liege, Roubaix or Epernay, the first two being under German control, and the last too near the zone of active fighting.

Miss Pitrois might be advised to send a portion of the fund to Mr. Dresse, Mr. Paquier and Mr. Mercier, provided they can be reached safely.

I believe the money should be sent at once. To hold it until the close of the war, as Mr. Caillard suggests, would be reasonable were the amount many times larger than it is. It is so small, however, that it can hardly be applied to the rebuilding or repair of ruined homes, and should be devoted to the immediate relief of those for whom it is intended.

I would also suggest that the Fund be kept open indefinitely, even after the money now on hand has been sent. The war may last several years, and suffering will be in evidence during its entire continuance. American deaf who wish to help should be given this opportunity to contribute whenever the spirit moves them.

I trust I may be permitted to thank the JOURNAL and the Committee for the very great assistance given this cause.

Respectfully,  
GEORGE W. VEDITZ,  
COLORADO SPR., Col., March 16,

## HARTFORD

We notice in the paper that Walter C. Rockwell, of this town, has been elected captain of the Gallaudet College basket ball team for 1915-16. Well done, young man.

Mrs. Bonham, mother of Mr. Guy H. Bonham, has been spending the winter with him and his family, on Park Avenue, in this city. Her home is in Wilkesbarre, Pa.

Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Frelick, of Glenbrook, Ct., were recently called to Gardner, Mass., by the death of Mr. Frelick's aged mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. G. Abbott, of Boston, both pleasantly known hereabouts, have been stopping in Springfield, Mass., for the past two months. He has been working on a new house for his wife's mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Chester Brown, who went back to Nova Scotia, from Springfield, Mass., last December, because of the dullness in business, writes that they do not expect to return this spring, as their friends had hoped, except possibly for a brief visit later on. They expect to live in Nova Scotia.

Two of the Springfield deaf young men have recently gone to Cleveland, Ohio, to work—Messrs. Harry Daniels and Frank Forsyth. Their families, however, remain for the present in Springfield.

Miss Mary E. Atkinson has recently completed a six months' course in cookery at Hartford High School Industrial department, night sessions. With what object in view her friends are allowed to guess to their hearts' content, as she does not condescend to explain.

The officers for the two local deaf lodges of this town for the year 1915 are as follows: Deaf-Mute Fraternity: President, L. W. Crowley; Vice President, L. O. Blanchard; Secretary, E. C. Luther; Treasurer, George Mottram. And of the Benevolent Society: President, John D. Moran; Vice President, W. M. Hale; Secretary, E. C. Luther; Treasurer, F. C. Rock; Door Keeper, Dana B. Taylor.

Word has been received in this place of the death of Mrs. Levi A. Lester, of Providence, R. I., who died of pneumonia March 9th, age 67 years. Her maiden name was Ada E. Reed, and she was a classmate in the Hartford school with Mrs. R. Beers, of Bridgeport, and Mrs. Frank Roberts of Carlstadt, N. J. Mrs. Lester is survived by a husband and two daughters both of whom are married. Mr. and Mrs. Lester entered the school here at the same time, one a boy of 13 and the other a girl of 8 years. That was in 1855.

Bishop C. M. Brewster will visit the Silent Mission in Bridgeport on Sunday afternoon, May 2d, at 3 o'clock. Dr. Chamberlain, of New York, has been invited to be present also, if he can make arrangements to get away from duties in New York on that date.

Edward E. Ragna, Hartford School, Class of 1911, now in Storrs State Agricultural College, was in Hartford over Sunday, March 14th, visiting his parents. At the college he belongs to a Military Company, and says he has no trouble at the drills, as he reads the lips of the officers in command, and in part, gets accustomed to the drilling formations and follows closely the movements of the men next to him in the line.

The school here has a vacation of one week at Easter, the vacation will begin Wednesday, March 31st, and will end on Wednesday, April 7th. Not all will go home, because of distance and expense. The Clark School has only a three days vacation, from Good Friday till the following Monday, and the pupils will stay in the school.

The basket ball five at the school has had a successful winter season of it, winning 18 and losing 4 games to date. Mr. W. G. Durian, Gallaudet College, '14, and instructor in printing, has been coaching them most effectively. The regular team has been made up of these players including a substitute: J. Bouchard; A. E. W. Anderson; P. Ganghan, Holyoke, Mass.; B. B. Nickerson, Hyannis, Mass.; N. Zeitz and E. Duborsah. Their coach, Mr. Durian, who ought to know, as he was a college basket-ball player, says they are a strong bunch and would give a good account of themselves with any deaf school five. We should like to see some basket ball and base ball games between this school and the Clark, now champion, school boys. Why not? The two schools are hardly 50 miles apart, and the expense would not be great for one game each year in both basket-ball and base-ball. It would be good sport too.

The girls of the school here have also had a basket ball team the past winter, coached by one of the Cogswell Hall oral teachers. These girls are quick as cats and won the only game they played with outsiders. But to see a group of pretty girls in jerseys and knickerbockers, pushing and tearing about and tumbling down and getting real spunky at each other, is a bit shocking to our old-fashioned ideals of sweetness, grace and refinement. Dear! Dear! What is this awful world coming to anyway? It is all in line with the woman's suffrage craze and German submarines. The girls of the basket ball team at the

school are: Filomene Di Meola, Caroline A. Prue, Sarah A. Jackson, Florence W. Lewis and Ruth Dudley, of Worcester, Mass.

The Job Williams Literary Society, at the school, had an interesting session on Thursday evening, March 11th. There was a warm debate on the woman's suffrage question, Miss Ethel M. Bogue and Miss Ella Pfurr, and both are capable girls, arguing that a woman should have the ballot to protect her rights, home and children, and to overthrow iniquities like rum and war, that men always seem to like. And they intimated pretty vigorously, that women would have the ballot before very long, anyway, let opponents protest as they might. Those girls were ably supported by Mr. Edward P. Clark, who was present and was invited to speak by the presiding officers. The opposite side was very ably maintained by Messrs. E. C. Luther and W. G. Durian.

The most telling practical argument perhaps they made was: Woman suffrage, where it had been tried for several years in certain western states, had been so far a failure to produce better social and civic conditions that Colorado, a strong woman suffrage state was about the worst governed state in the Union, and had been obliged to call in the United States government troops to maintain order and safety to life and property. The judges decided that the opposition to woman suffrage debaters had the best of it.

Mr. Robert Waters was operated upon for an intestinal trouble, at St. Francis Hospital, this city, on Wednesday, March 10th, and was on the operating table about four hours. He is a very brave and cheerful patient, and tells his friends that he believes the worst is over and that he will soon be up and at work again. He has been a worker at the Underwood Typewriter Co.'s factory for sixteen years and has a good record there as a skillful workman.

Spring has come again and March, for the first fortnight at least, has been very bright and pleasant. What the rest of the month will be, none can say, of course. But the real winter, is behind us—thanks be to God! The young folks may like the winter, with their plump cheeks and boundless vitality, but we older folks have the shivers and cold feet and are lucky to be alive in the flesh as the holy Easter draws nigh.

Our Hartford deaf men have in the majority of cases been working on half time since last August. This is a fact as regards the fifteen deaf men (several of them with families) who have jobs at the big typewriter factories here, Underwood's and Royal's. This diabolical war, which no two human beings seem to agree as to just what it is all about anyway, has been a very bad thing for the American typewriters, which are the best in the world, and were exported in large numbers. But our deaf folks, thus forced to half wages, seem to have gotten along very comfortably. Some have found an occasional odd job, while hearing friends and relatives have also helped. There is always some way provided for us, if we try to do our best and keep the lamp of faith in the Good God burning on the heart's altar.

We were in New York a few days ago, which to our mind and taste, is almost, if not quite, unfit for human beings to live in. For instance, the subway jam and crush at Brooklyn Bridge Terminal about 5:30 P.M. We have not been so mauled and trodden upon since our attempts at football some five and twenty years ago, and then football was rougher than as played to day. And what was our amazement to see Bro. James Reider's old "hoss car line" still bumping along on a cross town line, a most rickety and out-of-date contrivance. And it wobbled and jerked along and passed a Broadway building twenty-one stories high! We had read in the papers and supposed that Bro. Reider's "hoss cars" had gone the way of the famous Deacon's One Hoss Shay. But not so. They are still there. And it looks as if they would outlive Bro. Reider and all the rest of us, not a joke merely, but an amazing reality in the midst of all the underground and above-ground wonders of New York.

HARTFORD, Ct., March 17.

### ALL SOULS' CHURCH FOR THE DEAF

Sixteenth Street, above Allegheny Avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

REV. C. O. DANTZER, Pastor, 3325 N. 19th St.

Holy Communion—First Sunday, 3:00 P.M., Third Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Morning Prayer—First Sunday, 10:30 A.M.

Evening Prayer—Every Sunday except the first, 3:00 P.M.

Bible Class—Every Sunday 4:15 P.M.

Cleric Literary Association—Every Thursday evening after 7:30 o'clock.

Pastoral Aid Society—Every Thursday afternoon.

Men's Club—Third Tuesday of each month, 8 P.M.



## NEW YORK.

News items for this column, should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or on a postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

The basket ball attraction at the court of St. Ann's Church Guild Room drew a good attendance of ladies and gentlemen on the evening of Wednesday, March 17th.

Two teams of the V. B. G. (Virginia B. Gallaudet) girls had for opponents two teams of young ladies from Greenwich House.

The 2d teams of each gave a rather preliminary game, the Greenwich team winning by a score of 8 to 2. Petit Mrs. Anforti located the basket for the lone figure of the V. B. G. Seconds, which was made up as follows: Misses Nettie Miller, Alice E. Judge, Eleanor Sherman, Mabel Hall, and Mrs. William Anforti.

The second game, by the First teams, was really a fine exhibition of agility and skill. The Greenwich girls of this team have not lost a game in two years. The V. A. G.'s had never before played a match game. They were: Misses Louise Turner and Lillie Lindhoff, forwards; Miss Margaret Sherman, centre; Misses Silberman and Austria, guards (the latter was replaced by Mrs. McCluskey in the second half).

The Greenwich team: Misses M. Vogel, R. Margone, forwards; G. McKewen, centre; M. Kaplan, M. Thronsen, guards.

The Greenwich girls got away with a rush. Miss Vogelin tossed the ball into the basket three times in quick succession, and when time was called the V. B. G.'s had gathered in a goose egg. They came back smiling in the second half and played a splendid game, holding their opponents even for honors. Miss Turner caged a goal, and Miss Lindhoff threw two goals from the scrimmage and two from fouls.

The total score was: Greenwich, 16; V. B. G., 8.

The officials for both games were: Referee, F. Nimmo; Timer, Miss Barbara Spoehrer; Scorer, William Garrison.

A very pretty St. Patrick luncheon was tendered to a number of friends by Mrs. Chas. Bother, at her residence, 757 Trinity Avenue, Bronx, on the 17th of March. Green was the leading color in all arrangements. Green carnations in a green vase was the centre of attraction. The place cards were held by miniature green brooms—the handles being lead pencils—proclaimed a clean sweep of the good eatables placed before the guests, and prizes won by the fortunate ones. The following courses, served, were grape fruit, filled with pineapple, orange and banana, olives and pin olives, potato salad decorated with field salad leaves, sardines with lemons, filled with eggs decorated with lettuce leaves, assorted sandwiches, tied with green baby ribbon. Emerald jelly with whipped cream, accompanied by home made cakes with small Erin flags stuck in each cake, coffee and tea. Every guest received a favor in shape of round green bon-bon boxes, filled with assorted candies. After lunch many games were played and the highest score in each game won beautiful prizes, hand-made by the accomplished hostess. Those present, besides the hostess and her two sons, were: Mrs. K. Russell and her daughter, Miss Irene, Miss Berley, Mrs. M. Heyman and her sister, Mrs. Pauline Weil, Mrs. Beck, Mrs. Bettels, Mrs. A. Pfeiffer, Mrs. Reddington, Mrs. I. Goldberg, Mrs. Bryan and Mrs. Hayden.

At the rooms of the Deaf-Mutes' Union League, on Saturday evening, March 20th, there was a well-attended Hearts Party. The prize winners were: Ladies—Mrs. Marcus L. Kenner, first prize; Mrs. Aaron A. Cohn, second prize; and Mrs. Osmond Loew, booby. The gentlemen prizes were won by Mr. Sam Goldberg, first; Mr. Sam Bramson, second; and Mr. Joseph Swayd, booby. After the games and awarding of the prizes there were dainty lunches, consisting of sandwiches, coffee and cakes, served.

Mr. and Mrs. George Pearce and his daughters, Misses Violet (deaf-mute) and Nora, will take up their residence on Washington Heights next month, after living in Port Washington for a number of years. Mr. Pearce formerly lived in Kingston, Jamaica, where he was Postmaster General for a great many years. In honor of his long and faithful services, he was given a life pension and holds a great gold medal and an engrossed set of resolutions setting forth his eminent services to the English Crown, over the signature of King Edward the Seventh.

The Rev. Dr. Schuyler, of the City College, will preach at St. Ann's Church, on Friday evening, March 26th. It is very kind of him to show us this favor. Come and hear him, and show your appreciation and be benefitted thereby.

## OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 988 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

March 20, 1915—The Ohio Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf is now abreast with modern times, at least for lighting purposes, for on last Saturday evening the whole premises were a glow with electric lights, acting as a beacon for miles around to travelers in the night. The villagers, too, felt enraptured at the new improvement in their midst, and not a little proud that their little village could boast of metropolitan airs. And the residents of the Home were elated at the new change, for to them it meant convenience, less work, less danger from fire by the use of oil lamps and better light.

As was anticipated the machinery for the light was at the Home and ready to place by Saturday. To see for the first time the new light and celebrate the event, resident deaf of the number of about thirty went up Saturday afternoon. Superintendent Chapman was on hand with his hand wagon and other vehicles to convey the party over from the car line. Mrs. Chapman had also prepared for the party's innerman.

The electrician was still at work on the engines, three in number, and testing them when the party made an inspection of the room in the old building. We said there were three engines and so there are. Each is capable of generating from forty to fifty lights. As it will be unnecessary to turn on one hundred lights or more at a time, for the present two will be sufficient to provide for present use, and only one kept running through the night to give light in case of an emergency. Another advantage: In case of a break of machinery to any one of the engines, the other two can be called into service while broken parts are sent off for repair, and hence there is no break in the circuit of lights and leaving the premises for the time being in darkness, which would be the case of a single engine. The plant is guaranteed for a year, and the company claims the engines will last a decade or more, if properly used. The room in which the engines are placed, has a cemented floor, when fully completed, and the room will soon be fitted up in a manner to make it inviting and of interest to those who visit it.

About five-thirty o'clock there was a call to the self-serve lunch, and about that time all the lights on the premises were turned on. It was so easy, too, only a button to push and there came a light. Everybody was pleased with the change. Every room, hall and porch has a light, the larger ones supplied with two or more, according to size. The barn has several, and the old cottage of the men has not been slighted. There is also one projecting from the south-east corner of the old brick building, which lights up the pathway from the main building to the men's cottage and barn.

For this great, great improvement at the Home, the deaf of the State will rise up and bless Mr. and Mrs. James M. Park, whose generosity made this change possible by their unselfish donation of \$1,000. When Mr. and Mrs. Park were here in 1913 and made the gift, it was Mr. Park's intention to look after the installation of the necessary machinery himself. The unfortunate accident to Mrs. Park, later, at Niagara Falls, changed his plans. Mr. A. H. Schory and the writer were asked to attend to the matter, which they cheerfully did, and now that the object of their mission is an accomplished fact, they feel fully repaid for the time devoted to its cause. So three cheers for Mr. and Mrs. James M. Park, for their noble gift to the Home.

The self-serve lunch was a fine one, consisting of pork and beans, chicken sandwiches, Boston brown bread, ham, pickles, pie, doughnuts, coffee, and buttermilk. Mrs. Chapman took in \$9.40 from it, which sum will be applied to some improvements to be made in the hall.

The Board of Administration got most of its office fixtures down the first of the week, and since then has been placing it. The other day two of the members dropped into the dining-room while the pupils were at breakfast, and were observers of how the pupils were being fed. The *Evening Dispatch*, Monday, stated that the new building is not to be the permanent place of the Board, but as soon as the State puts up a new structure for State officers it will move out and the State bindery will use the building. Just why this should form part of the School, we are unable to state. Its usefulness to the pupils has been nil for a long while. When the bindery was opened in 1868 in connection with the school, it was done that the pupils might be taught the art of bookbinding and a number were, as long as the law was adhered to. But later, for some reason, the law was ignored, and when vacancies occurred, the deaf who applied were given the cold shoulder to the pre-

ference of the hearing. The editor of the Dayton (Ohio) *Daily Journal*, was recently a visitor at the school here, and in his paper last Saturday editorially gave the impressions below of his visit:—

The Governor of Ohio went Haroun Alraschid the other day. Perhaps he would have not called it that, being at the time without disguise; but he "dropped in" at the State School for the Deaf, without having been invited—just for a friendly call.

Readers of Dickens will never get over the feeling that such calls ought to be made by those in authority or their representatives; and the recent terrible disclosures with reference to a baby farm in Philadelphia bring us a shocked realization of the need of a close official scrutiny where little ones are harbored in public or quasi-public institutions.

We don't know that the governor ever before had visited the School for the Deaf; but we do know that what he had found there must have given him pleasure. Whatever may be the condition of affairs in other State institutions, at the home for deaf children they are as nearly idealistic as the usual "conservative" appropriations will allow them to be.

Dr. J. W. Jones has been in charge of this institution for twenty years, and strange to say, he has not become an encrusted routine machine man, nor a fossilized guide of the unfortunates under his charge. He seems, somehow, to have found it possible to retain heart, conscience and a sane conception of the important trust placed in his hands. The rule out there at the School for the Deaf seems to be the rule of love, the only rule possible if best results are to be obtained and the afflicted wards are to be fitted to make any sort of showing in the serious struggle for existence which must in time confront each of them.

One could spend days in this institution with pleasure and profit. It is easy to sense wrong things in such places; there is something in the atmosphere of such places, a duplicate aura, which warns or advises very closely to the truth.

Are the children out there happy? Yes. Are they well cared for? Yes. Are they making any material progress along educational lines in spite of their grave handicap? Yes.

To see those young faces light up with pleasure upon the appearance of the head of this institution is an endorsement of the man and his methods which is unimpeachable. Such emotions are not to be used as disguises. He has won the affection of his charges, from the little tots up to the boys and girls in the highest classes.

We spent a pleasant hour or so out there not long ago, and we have rather good eyes and ears; we, too, "happened in unexpectedly." It would have made no difference. Things are right at this State institution, as nearly right as the man in charge can make them right; for, of course, he, too, has his dreams of a broader, nobler exercise of his important office.

The things accomplished here thru the exercise of patience and love are wonderful, almost miraculous. One must see the women teachers and the children to understand this; one must see the capable man at the head of it and listen to his enthusiasm to realize the work and its possibilities.

We saw no sad faces out there at this "home" for deaf children; we did see plenty of smiles, heard laughter, saw young eyes sparkling with animation and intelligence; we saw those things which can be won only through the influence of love and loving patience, loyalty to the dictates of duty and humanity.

We trust all other State institutions are as capably governed as this one. We want to go up there again some day. It is a fine place for those to visit who believe in the finer, gentler emotions of mind and heart.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Beckert, on their way to Sandusky from Piqua, have stopped over here for a week, and are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Zorn. They are being entertained by friends while in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman Cook, of McGraun, Pa., had as their guest Mr. Stork on St. Patrick's Day, who left with them a present in the shape of a 7½ pound daughter. They have named the newcomer Anne Mary Cook.

Mrs. Ione Dix, of this city, gave a party to a number of her friends Tuesday evening, at her home. Games and small talk helped to make time pass pleasantly and fast. Refreshments were served later. Twenty or more were present.

Mr. J. B. Showalter and several others, among them Mr. John Bostwick, Jr., D. Dayton, Ohio, this afternoon. Mr. Showalter is anxious to see his grandson, now that the little tot is able to walk.

The raking up of the lawn and the taking down of the storm doors give indications that winter is about gone. Official Spring will be here to-morrow.

A. B. G.

## PHILADELPHIA.

News items for this column should be sent to James S. Reider, 1538 North Dover Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

A crowd to the number of over a hundred journeyed to All Souls' Parish House to see the religious play, called "Everyman," on Saturday evening, March 20th. The stage scenery was quite attractive and appropriate to the play, and the acting of the players was so good that the moral of the play was plainly seen. Indeed, some told us that it made a deep impression upon them. It was a one-act play and consumed a little more than an hour in delivery. Miss Victoria Simone, as "Everyman," deserves special mention for the able manner in which she represented the chief character of the play. The full list of characters and players was as follows:—

Everyman.....Mrs. V. Simone  
Fellowship.....Wm. H. Lipsett  
Kindred.....Helena L. Bowden  
Death.....Chas. W. W. Waterhouse  
Goods.....Mrs. G. T. Sanders  
Good Deeds.....Jeanette King  
Knowledge.....Gertrude Parker  
Beauty.....Mrs. C. Partington  
Strength.....Fannie Stuckert  
Discretion.....Geo. T. Sanders  
Five Wits.....A. S. McGhee  
Confession.....Chas. Partington  
Messenger and Doctor.....

Before the curtain rose, Rev. Mr. Dantzer gave a prologue, explaining the kind and intent of the play. The performance, as before stated in this column, was given under the auspices of the Chester Mission to the Deaf, for the benefit of the coal fund of All Souls' Church.

The following is from the Philadelphia *Evening Ledger* of March 18th:—"Deaf, dumb, blind and out of work." This pathetic placard hung from the neck of William Witsammer, a beggar, at Front street and Girard Avenue. Policeman Gallagher saw the sign, but didn't believe it.

Approaching Witsammer, he said: "You're one of the gang who robbed the safe in the corner store." "That's a lie," shouted the deaf and dumb beggar, absent minded. To make matters worse, he opened his eyes and suddenly regained his sight.

Such miracles were too much for the cop, and he took Witsammer to the Front and Master Streets Station. With the sign still hanging around his neck, the prisoner argued all the way to the station house. He told Magistrate Scott that it was a "frame up."

"I wasn't doing a thing," he said, "when this cop came along and pinched me."

But Gallagher is a man of few words. He simply showed the Judge the sign which hung from the neck of Witsammer. The Judge, living up to the reputation as the poetical Magistrate, voiced the following:

"Witsammer is an awful name, but with you, I fear, it doesn't fit. You have played your game in vain. For you're a shammer without wit."

"In conclusion—three months in the House of Correction."

On Sunday, March 21st, All Souls' Church for the Deaf had one of its biggest congregations, with a good sprinkling of hearing persons, being the time for the annual Confirmation service. At three o'clock, the usual time of service, the Church was filled, but the absence of the Bishop, the Rt. Rev. Philip Mercer Rhinelander, delayed the service until almost a quarter of four. The service was then proceeded with, the Bishop still absent, Pastor Dantzer read Evening Prayer, while the Rev. Dr. Norman P. Lewis, who is Secretary of the Church Commission, read orally simultaneously, and, in the midst of the service, the Bishop entered and took his place in the chancel in good time for his part in the service.

The vested choir of six young ladies signed Hymn 357 gracefully, after which followed the sermon by the Bishop. Before beginning it, he expressed great regret that the service had been delayed so long on his account, and explained that the mistake was due to his ignorance of the time it was to begin. Most churches of the hearing had their afternoon service at four o'clock and he was unaware that All Souls' began an hour earlier. He promised that the mistake would not occur again. Being his first visit to the new church, he expressed his admiration for its beautiful appearance. He then delivered a most helpful and inspiring sermon, which was admired for its simplicity. After the choir had signed Hymn 510, a class of thirteen was confirmed.

After the service, the Bishop met many of the people. Among the visitors at this service, we noted the following:—Mrs. M. L. Haight, of New York; Miss Gladys Williams, of Brooklyn; Mrs. Nancy Moore and Mrs. Mabel Wilson, of Toronto, Ontario; Mrs. Woods, of Trenton, N. J.; Miss May Cressman, of Quakertown, Pa.; Mr. Isaac Allen, of Ivyland, Pa.; Miss Edith Dunne, of Harrisburg; Miss Gertrude Downey, of Lancaster, and many others from nearby places.

Miss Louisa W. Geiger has been obliged to give up her proposed visit to friends in Trenton, N. J., on account of the illness of her aunt with whom she is living.

One of the most pleasant birthday parties given for a long time in the Quaker City, was tendered in honor of Mrs. Emma Rival, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. William F. Fries, Saturday night, February 20th. The "Merry Widow," as Mrs. Rival is popularly known, was the happy recipient of many gifts, most of which are of use for her feminine needs.

The guests were especially impressed by the beauty and taste of the decorations in the dining room that inspired a patriotic air. Old Glory was much in evidence, for the reason that Mrs. Rival's natal day is only a day later than that of the Father of Our Country. Big and miniature flags nearly concealed the walls, and the festive board was not neglected. On the centre of the table stood a large birthday cake, circled with the number of flags corresponding to the age of the guest of honor in lieu of candles. A delicious collation was served, amid much merriment. Each guest was handed a little souvenir to take home.

Those responding to the invitation were as follows: Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Pennell, Mr. and Mrs. George Levan and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Francis DeWeller, Mrs. Elizabeth Rigg, Misses Ethel Mock and Edna Snell, and Messrs. Alexander S. McGhee, Joel Schwartz, John A. Roach, Frederick Greiner, George Blong, Edward Ormsby, Milton Haines, Elmer Mock, Samuel Thomas, Joseph Miller and Arthur Fowler.

The basket-ball team of Gallaudet College stopped off in Chester, Pa., on the way to Gotham, to play a game with the Pennsylvania Military College team, on Friday night, the 19th inst. The Gallaudet quint won by the score of 37 to 28, and proved to be superior to their opponents in all departments throughout the game. John A. Roach journeyed all the way there to root for Gallaudet, and found himself the only mute witnessing the game, beside the party from Washington. A large crowd turned out to see the game.

It may interest the sport-loving deaf of Philadelphia to know that the manager of Gallaudet College football team has arranged a match with the Temple University, to be played in this city on November 13th.

### Southern Diocese.

REV. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary, W. 1496 Lantvale St., Baltimore, Md.

PRINCIPAL MISSION STATIONS.  
Baltimore—Grace Chapel, Park Ave. and Monument St. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 3:15 P.M.  
Washington, D. C.—St. Barnabas Mission, Holy Trinity, 3d and C Streets, N. W.  
Rev. H. C. Merrill, Assistant. Services and Bible Class meetings every Sunday, 11 A.M.  
Wheeling, W. Va.—St. Matthew's Church for the Deaf, Mr. J. C. Bremer, Lay Reader. Services every Sunday, 3 P.M.  
Durham, N. C.—St. Philip's Church. Bible Class meetings, every Sunday, 9:30 A.M. Miss Robina Tillmuth, Parish Visitor. Services, every Sunday, 9 P.M.  
Mr. Roma Fortune, Lay Reader.  
New Orleans, La.—St. Paul's Church, Canal and Gainne Streets, Rev. H. L. Tracy, Assistant. Services monthly.

The General Missionary visits the above and other stations in the South upon such occasions as are appointed and locally made known. The Missionary will be glad to confer with any one desirous to assist in the work of the Mission.

### CATHOLIC CHURCH NOTICES.

St. Francis Xavier's, 30 West 16th Street.—Instruction and Services in the College Hall, at 3:30 P.M., on the first and third Sundays of the month.

St. Rose's, 165th Street, west of Amsterdam Avenue.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

St. Vincent Ferrer's, Lexington Avenue and 66th Street.—Services and Catechism on Sundays at 9 A.M.

BROOKLYN.—Knights of Columbus Hall, Hanson Place and South Portland Avenue.—Religious Instruction at 3:30 P.M., on the fourth Sunday of the month.

Under the direction of

REV. M. R. MCCARTHY, S.J.

### Baltimore Methodist Deaf-Mute Mission.

Rev. D. E. Moylan, Pastor, 740 W. Fayette Street.  
Rev. J. A. Branfield, Assistant, 2704 Bernard Street.

Services at Christ M. E. Church for the Deaf, Pierce Street, corner of Schroeder Street, every Sunday at 3:30 P.M. Sunday School at 2:30 P.M. Week day meetings every Thursday evening at eight o'clock, except during July and August. Holy Communion first Sunday each month. Everybody welcome.

### St. Andrew's Silent Mission

Trinity Church, Copley Square, Boston, Mass.

Rev. G. H. Hefflon, Messrs. E. W. Frisbee and A. S. Tuft, Lay Readers.

MARCH, 1915.  
28—Palm Sunday, Boston, at 11 A.M., and Worcester at 3 P.M. Rev. W. H. Hefflon; Providence, at 3 P.M., Mr. Frisbee.

Special services by Rev. J. H. Keiser, of New York, and Rev. Mr. Hefflon: 30—Worcester, Tuesday, at 8 P.M.  
31—New England Home for Aged Deaf-Mutes, at 3 P.M.  
Boston, Wednesday, at 8 P.M.

APRIL.  
1—Providence, at 8 P.M.  
EDWIN W. FRISBEE, Lay-Missionary.

58 Sagamore Avenue, West Medford, Mass.

## St. Louis Briefs.

The Missouri legislature adjourned sine die March 20th. A local paper, the following day, published a list of bills passing both branches of the legislature, during the session just closed. Among them was the following, known as Senate bill, No. 26, introduced by Hon. W. H. Phelps, of Carthage:

SECTION 1. A person engaged in soliciting, procuring, attempting to solicit or procure money or other valuable thing, by falsely pretending and representing himself to be blind, deaf, dumb, or to be otherwise physically deficient, or to be suffering from any physical defect or infirmity, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be punished by imprisonment in the county jail, not less than one month or by more than six months, or by a fine of not less than ten dollars (\$10.00) or more than one hundred dollars (\$100.00), or by both such fine and imprisonment.

The bill passed the Senate without opposition and we think its passage in the House was also unopposed. A bill of such obvious merit will undoubtedly be approved by the governor. A bill of merit is one thing, but without able, aggressive and wide awake friends working for it in and out of season, its final passage is hardly to be expected. In Hon. W. H. Phelps, the deaf had just the kind of friend they needed to father the measure in the legislature. His son, W. Howe Phelps, was also a source of strength to his elbow. The deaf of the State certainly appreciate their services in getting the impostor law through the legislature.

House Bill, No. 225, introduced jointly by Representatives Taylor, of Kansas City and Parker, of St. Louis, "To provide public schools for children who are deaf or who have defective speech, and to provide state aid for school districts establishing such schools," also passed both branches of the legislature.

The full text of this bill was printed in a recent issue of the JOURNAL. The bill provides state aid to the extent of \$150 per capita, per annum for the tuition of pupils in day schools. The bill, as originally introduced, did not mention the method of instruction to be employed and we do not know if the method was inserted by way of amendment later. As children with normal hearing but defective speech come within the provision of the law, the same as children with defective hearing, it will be a comparatively easy matter to get together enough children to start day schools in many districts in the state. We have been privately informed that the act giving the State school for the Deaf, at Fulton, a classification with the educational institution also passed the legislature but cannot confirm the report from the newspaper summary of bills passed. The blind school was given an educational classification, so we presume the school for the deaf was likewise provided for, as same had been requested.

The March meeting of the Gallaudet Union was a high class literary affair. Miss Pearl Herdman, of the Gallaudet School faculty, had charge of the literary program and gave the "Public Opinion" talk. The poetical recitations were given by Mrs. Burgher and Mrs. Arnot. Miss Roper gave a monologue quite out of the ordinary. Mr. Stampe, gave a sketch of Jane Addams and her work. Mr. Steidemann read Mr. Terry's latest book, "A Voice from the Silence." We believe it was the first time the book has been given in the sign language. As Mr. Terry is a St. Louisian, it is quite appropriate that he should be thus honored in his own country.

The next meeting of the Gallaudet Union will be on the evening of April 23d—not the 16th as originally announced—and will be in charge of Mrs. Sara Small Temple, also of the Gallaudet School faculty. The last meeting of the year will be in May and will be in charge of Mr. A. O. Steidemann.

### CHURCH MISSION TO DEAF-MUTES.

#### NEW YORK DISTRICT NOTICES.

St. Ann's Church, N. Y. Every Sunday, 9 A.M., and 3 P.M. Every Friday, 8:15 P.M., Litany service with sermon by visiting clergyman.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn. Every Sunday, 3 P.M. Every Wednesday, 8 P.M., Litany service in Parish House, with sermon.

#### MARCH.

28.—St. Peter's Church, Port Chester. 11 A.M. Holy Communion.

Gallaudet Home, 10:30 A.M.

#### St. Thomas Mission for the Deaf

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo.

The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., Priest-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steidemann, Lay Reader. Miss Clara L. Steidemann, Sunday School Teacher and Social Helper.

Sunday School at 9:30 A.M. Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M. Weekday social and literary meetings on first and third Fridays, at 8 P.M. Other services and meetings by special appointment.

The deaf cordially invited. Minister's address: 38-6 Virginia Avenue.



## FANWOOD.

One of the happiest surprises of the school-term was sprung Monday evening in the chapel, when the advanced girls of the Loyal Band of Workers arranged the following appropriate playlet on the occasion of their regular weekly meeting:

**MASQUE OF THE TWO STRANGERS.**  
By LADY ALIX EGBERTON.

"A story told in the medieval way, Now sad—now merry—here and there a song, While through it all a meaning runs along."

**CHARACTERS AS THEY APPEAR IN THE MASQUE**

Joy..... Bessie Frey  
Laughter..... Irene Wilkins  
Song..... Rebecca Champagne  
Dance..... Lily Lieberz  
Service..... Carrie Lanz  
Poetry..... Wanda Makowski  
Hope..... Martha Muller  
A Herald..... May Ruhl  
Princess Douce-Cour..... Elsie Luff  
Sorrow..... Gertrude Smith  
Fame..... Marion McCoy  
Riches..... Olive Joseph  
Power..... Ida Bucher  
Love..... Elsie Grossman

**SYNOPSIS OF THE PLAYLET.**

Sorrow has cast a spell over the Princess so that she takes no pleasure in any of her former pastimes. The children have been told to stop their play.

The king has sent a proclamation through the land, stating that anyone who could break this spell should be given half the kingdom and the hand of the Princess in marriage.

Fame, Rich and Power, come to woo her but without success. At last Love enters, who teaches that if we know him at his best we will not fear Sorrow.

Full of graceful beauty and the poetry of motion, the girls accomplished their crowning success. They appeared in the elegant court costumes and dress of medieval times, and in bright pink and white colored drapery of legendary nymphs and mythological goddesses. They formed a very pretty spectacle. The Misses Frey, Wilkin, Champagne and Lieberz, portrayed very charmingly the four most important characters of happiness, giving a rapturous spirit to the play. Miss Lanz presented service with a devoted attitude to duty. Miss Muller, as "hope," joyfully served poetry. Miss Makowski pictured "poetry" in the form of a Goddess, silent yet heavenly, rendering the exalted charm of the true poetical heart.

Miss Gertrude Smith, as "Sorrow," in a gloomy black gown and owl, played so well the part of grief that 'twas hard to restrain our tears. As Princess Douce Cour, Miss Elsie Luff was charmingly arrayed in a handsome Court dress, with robe and tress of golden hair, sadly burdened by sorrow. Misses McCoy, Joseph and Bucher, portrayed those three impostors, Fame, Riches and Power, very finely too, proving that worldly gifts cannot win over the precious gifts of God.

As "Love," Miss Grossman was hailed with triumph and with joy, a precious jewel to all humanity. She proved the might of Love, the limit of Sorrow, when face to face, the latter falls and is trampled under by the onward march of Love enlightening the world.

The scene is laid in the open before a beautiful castle, and the foreground is planted with beautiful herbs and flowers.

It occupied forty-five minutes of pure enjoyment. Many visitors occupied the rear seats. Principal Carrier was there and was the first to heartily congratulate the members upon the success of their entertainment.

To Misses Berry, Hall, Burchard, and Barrager, of the teaching staff, for their help and encouragement, we owe equal thanks. Here is mentioned the appreciation and esteem of the Fanwood pupils, in the hope that those who worked so hard to make it a success will feel duly repaid.

The Saturday night program of the F. L. A. presented by the Fifth Male Manual composed an hour and a half of good amusing entertainment. The program read:

READING—"A Piece of Good Luck," by J. Rubin.  
READING—"A Doctor's Duty," by M. Klowitz.

DEBATE—Resolved, That Capital punishment should be abolished.  
AFFIRMATIVE..... F. Parker.  
NEGATIVE..... S. J. Guinta.

READING—"A Famous Hold-up," by F. Gabay.

"THE MERCHANT OF VENICE."

ACT. I SCENE 1—Antonio's House.  
SCENE 2—Shylock's House.  
ACT. II SCENE 1—A room in Portia's House.

ACT. III SCENE 1—A court room.  
SCENE 2—Portia's House.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Duke of Venice..... H. C. Borgstrand  
Prince of Morocco..... G. Sherman  
Prince of Arragon..... S. Seigel  
Antonio..... J. Asinof  
Bassanio..... S. J. Guinta  
Gratiano..... J. Rubin  
Shylock..... M. Elowitz  
Portia..... F. Gabay  
Nerissa..... F. Parker  
Officers of the court of Justice..... G. Dlugaz, C. Ulmer, G. Sherman

Of the readings, "A Doctor's Duty," by Cadet Elowitz, set forth a good example of true manhood. The recital of all deserved the applause given especially Cadet Rubin who was there with his usual touch of humor. In the debate the affirmative rendered a good argument on humanity; while the negative protested claiming the need of abolishing crime.

In the "Merchant of Venice," we see the spirit of Shakespeare in one of his most interesting and philosophical plays, acted well by the class. The "grand apparel" and the greed of Shylock was a bit humorous, but portrayed the correct idea. Cadets Guinta and Asinof were specially fitted for their role.

The play ended a gratifying success, and was met with a storm of comment and applause.

President Fox spoke quite emphatically in praise of both class and teacher. He strongly emphasized the true value of such entertainments and dwelt upon the profit derived by the pupils who witness them. They stimulate and inspire both boys and girls, and lead to greater effort in following the curriculum of the school.

Bats and balls and base-running seem to be disturbing the peaceful midnight slumber of a vast majority of our "all mankind." Sometimes, round about midnight, when the dark is blackest, the watchman gets a sudden jolt, when some somnolent boy in a nearby berth swings the pillow full force like "Casey at the Bat." Such is the disordered state of "base-ball nerves" when Spring training is suddenly launched into the arms of the light-hearted. Candidates were put through an early grilling Saturday, when Manager Margraf announced "game on."

The first to open 1915! For a while there was some mighty big fumbling as the old thrill tingled the nerves and everything went rickety. Slowly though the Cadet body felt relieved as the old confidence came back, and by the time Lux settled down on the mound with his 48-repeater the line-up played like old timers. Those interesting visitors of the Chambers Club came in with some of the b.b. spirit and put up a rattling good game, which at first worried the home team. Soon good batting for the gold and blue put in three runs, which lead encouraged stronger play. The Chambers nine made repeated changes in positions in an effort to squeeze through, but in vain. Chief Stokely, of the stove and kettle fire-side, played well for his first time as center fielder. By agreement, the game ended in the seventh, with Fanwood on top. It feels good to give the old lusty hurrah, in spite of apparent rust. Hoping it will be thus evermore we append:

FANWOOD	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Tachnick, I.F.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Margraf, 1b.	2	1	1	9	0	1
Edwards, ss.	2	2	1	6	2	0
Stevenson, 2b.	3	0	2	1	4	0
Seigel, c.	3	0	1	5	0	0
Altenderfer, 3b.	3	0	0	3	2	1
Stokely, c.f.	3	0	0	1	0	0
Berman, r.f.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Lux, p.	1	1	0	1	5	0
Total	30	4	6	21	13	2

CHAMBERS	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
R. Williams, I.F.	2	0	0	1	0	0
Wa sh, I.F.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Maurice, 2b.	0	0	0	1	1	0
Draddy, 3b.	2	0	0	0	1	0
LeClair, s.s.	3	0	0	1	1	0
Blair, c.	2	1	1	6	0	0
Hayden, 3b.	3	1	0	3	0	0
Delaney, c.f.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Bennett, r.f.	2	1	0	0	0	0
Schneider, r.f.	1	0	0	1	0	1
Cassidy, 1b.	1	0	0	1	1	1
Moran, 1b.	1	0	0	3	0	0
Williams, p.	2	0	0	0	2	0
Total	35	3	3	18	6	1

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7
Chambers	0	0	0	0	0	3	3
Fanwood	0	0	0	2	1	x	4

Summaries.—Left on base—Fanwood, 2; Chambers, 5. Earned runs—Fanwood, 2. Two-base hit—Stevenson. Sacrifice hits—Tachnick, Blair, Cassidy. Struck out—by Lux, 5; by Williams, 6. Base on balls—off Lux, 4; off Williams, 4. Time of game—one hour and a half. Umpire—Mr. Dunphy, of Broadway. Scorer—Lieutenant Solis Gershanek.

Basket-ball is on the wing, yet a little squabble took place Saturday with the junior quintet of the D. A. Sokol Gymnastic Association. A picked-team was hastily arranged to meet them as the regular Fanwood five were in base-ball togs. The Sokol team romped home with an easy lead over our picked team by something like forty or more. This ends the season permanently till November next.

A. Burdette Smith, a Fanwood graduate of twenty years ago, visited his Alma Mater one day last week. He was amazed at the changes and improvements since his day. Herman Cammann, our tallest and biggest boy, who is a basket ball expert, good base ball

player, and an all-round athlete, escorted Mr. Smith to the gymnasium. The latter is six feet one in his stockings, and Herman is just one inch less.

Mr. James Durand is back with us again after a long leave of absence. He holds the position of tutor to the boys and is exceedingly popular.

Mrs. Carrier sailed for Bermuda last Wednesday morning on the S. S. Bermudian, of the Quebec Line.

The March meeting of the Pro-Team Society was held Monday night in the Society's Club Room.

Wednesday last Miss E. S. Lunn, accompanied fifteen of her students from "The Castle" of Tarrytown on a short morning visit to the Institution. The Principal's secretary, Mr. Margraf, acted as escort, showing them the routine of the Trade School and class work. They also heard the oral classes in recitation during vocal and rhythmic work.

Principal Carrier attended the Sunday Service of the Hebrew Congregation of the Deaf, at the 161st Street Synagogue, last Sunday. The Fanwood pupils, who attend, had their photograph taken by the Rockwood Photographing Company. The seats of honor were occupied by Mr. Louis A. Cohen, Principal Carrier, and Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Amateau.

Mr. C. Guinta, of Portchester, N. Y., father of Lieutenant Sandy Guinta, was a visitor in Sunday School, on the 21st inst., and had the pleasure of meeting Rev. McCarthy, with whom he had a long talk.

On Sunday, March 21st, the pupils of Fanwood, who attend St. Rose's Church regularly every Sunday, had something like a party in Sunday School. As the Easter vacation begins on the 27th, of this month, they will not attend church there until after their vacation, which lasts about two weeks, ending on the 12th, of April. Before the ice-cream was served, a very interesting lecture was given by Miss Wanda Makowski, whose talk was about, "The Life of Jesus Christ, from Childhood to the time of His Death on the Cross." She spoke chiefly about Christ before his death. Miss Marion McCoy chose as her subject "God Bless Us All," which was rendered in first class style. It should be noted that Miss Makowski and McCoy are two of the best sign-makers of Fanwood. Next came the ice-cream and cake. Henry Pescia volunteered to act as waiter, and with the air of an expert did his job well. Thanks are due to Mr. J. F. O'Brien and Rev. McCarthy for their kindness in getting the ice cream.

Captain William Burke was Baptized at St. Rose's Church on the same day of the party.

Several pupils have recently joined St. Rose's Church. They are S. Guinta, R. Marshall, A. Summers, J. Murphy, C. Magrath.

The Easter vacation begins Saturday, March 27th. Many of the pupils will spend the holidays at home. April 12th is the day set for the return which will cover a little more than two weeks. A two-week vacation full of joys and recreation! We are happy you can bet! Even the littlest of the little fellows tell us his thoughts too are constantly troubled with visions of colored eggs and funny little bunnies with little white cotton tails.

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## PITTSBURGH

From the north and from the south they, the deaf, are heading toward Pittsburgh to secure work without considering that it is as hard to get jobs in a large city where thousands are jobless as it is in the country and small towns. When the deaf have friends who have a "pull" it may be all right, but when one throws up a job, though on short time, and at which he has accumulated a bank account, it seems the height of folly to come into a doubtful district to get something better, and at same time bringing his "roll" along. This is not an imaginary case.

Mrs. Archibald Woods returned from St. Louis, where she had been visiting her son, March 7th, looking well, save for some bumps she received when the carriage in which they were driving was run into by an auto truck.

Prof. A. U. Downing, of the Edgewood School, journeyed to Washington, Pa., recently, where he assisted at the marriage of Miss Mary Nickeson to Mr. Vera Ross, a hearing gentleman. Mrs. Ross graduated in 1912. Mr. Downing also had the pleasure of dining with Mrs. Poreh, at the head of the Children's Home, near Washington. Mrs. Poreh was, for several years, supervisor of girls at the Edgewood School.

Mr. John Acheson, brother of Joseph Acheson, came up from his estate on the Isle of Pines, arriving at his brother's house about 9 A.M., and before noon was found dead in his business partner's office in Pittsburgh. Joseph had visited his brothers in Cuba and the Isle of Pines last winter, and has had much of interest to tell about his trip and his brother's place, since he returned. It was certainly a shock to lose his brother, to whom he was much attached, so suddenly. He has the sincere sympathy of his numerous friends.

The Silent Five went to Waynesburg and bit the dust, when they tackled the military basket-ball team of that town. They lost the game, however, only by a few points, which was to their credit. It was a crack team they had to contend with, and they had to play substitutes on their own team, so they think honors were even.

Mr. and Mrs. Herman C. Cook were made most happy by a visit from the stork, March 17th. It is a girl, and weighed seven and one-half pounds, and has been named Annie Mary. Mother and daughter are doing fine. Congratulations may be sent to McGrann, Armstrong Co., Pa. Don't forget to send a few.

Mr. J. M. Rolhouse, the magician, will hold forth at Johnstown, April 17th, under the auspices of Trinity Church of that place. Mr. Rolhouse is in demand it would seem. More success to him.

A number of the deaf of Pittsburgh have organized a "Hartford, Connecticut, Savings Club," that funds to attend the Hartford meeting in 1917 might be forthcoming. The officers of the club are: Henry Bardes, President; Charles Fritzges, Vice President; H. H. B. McMaster, Secretary-Treasurer; G. M. Teegarden and J. M. Rolhouse, Auditors. Better join this club and be sure of seeing the birthplace of American education of the deaf.

A business meeting of the Pittsburgh Local Branch of the P. S. A. D. was held March 13th. It was a lively meeting. It was announced that they would give an entertainment in June to secure funds to send a delegate to the Gettysburg Convention next summer. It was announced, also, that the father of Mr. Samuel Nichols had passed to the beyond on March 11th. He has the sympathy of numerous friends.

It was reported, Mr. George Nicholson was seriously ill at his home and might pass any moment. His friends, however, are still hopeful.

The Pittsburgh Branch of the G. C. A. A., held a regular business meeting, March 13th. Officers for the ensuing two years were elected as follows: President, Francis Holliday; Vice-President, Mrs. Francis Holliday; Secretary-Treasurer, F. R. Gray. Miss D. H. Marshall was admitted as a member. Miss Marshall and F. A. Leitner were elected a Committee to assist the Vice-President with the entertainment end of the Branch. There will surely be something doing with such a team.

St. Margaret's Mission met the same evening and elected officers: Mr. C. A. Painter, President; Mr. H. Bellows, Vice-President; Mr. J. K. Forbes, Secretary; Mr. F. A. Leitner, Treasurer; Mr. Daniel Irvin, Usher. Social Committee, Mr. Geo. Davies, Chairman. Altar Committee, Miss Emile Abel, Chairman. Visiting Committee, Mrs. H. Bellows, Chairman.

The Mission has social entertainments, at McGeagh's Hall the last Saturday of each month. On Saturday, 27th, there will be a talk by G. M. Teegarden on the Monks and declamation by Mrs. Geo. Davies.

The Frats had a social evening, at McGeagh Hall, on the 20th. It consisted of a story-telling contest

and shadowgraphs. It was a most pleasant affair with about fifty present.

The judges for the evening were: Mr. and Mrs. F. Holliday and Miss E. Boyd.

Those winning in the story contest were: First—Miss M. Bracken, prize, hat pin; Second—Mr. H. Bardes, prize, pair socks; Third—E. Blackhall, prize, combination set.

The performers in shadowgraphs, Mrs. Geo. Davies, Miss Bracken, Geo. Davies, F. Blackhall, H. Bardes, J. K. Forbes, did their part in fine style. The subjects presented were:—Balboa, discovering the Pacific; King Alfred and the Cakes; William Tell; Columbus and the egg; Joan of Arc at the stake; Sir Walter Raleigh and Queen Elizabeth; Sir Walter and the pipe; Pocahontas and Captain Smith; Stealing a bear. Winners in the shadowgraph guessing:—First—Mr. Leuz, cuff-buttons; Second—R. Durian, scarf pin; Ladies: First—Miss Toomey, book; Second—Mrs. Rolhouse, necklace.

Mr. John Rosensteel, of Ebensburg, motored down to attend the automobile show and was present, also Messrs. Lepley and McGrattan, of Youngstown, Ohio.

The Pittsburgh Social League of the Deaf also had a rousing meeting the same evening, in Washington Bank Building Hall, where the crowd got an Irish treat that was full of fun and wit as befitting Auld Erin, and her happy-go lucky folk. The hall was full almost to overflowing and a considerable number were present from out of town. The following program and characters were presented: Master Hugh Sawhill and Miss Dorothy Havens in U. S. Costumes bearing the Irish flag; Irish girl with the U. S. flag. Proceedings were opened with drill and march, followed by the song, "It's a long, long way to Tipperary," by Miss Annie Bayers.

THE PLAY—"Shamrockville Post Office," Mrs. Baker..... Julia Swartz  
Mr. Baker..... Mr. Brown, Julia's lover  
Mr. Grimm..... Julia's brother  
Mr. Friend..... John O'Hagan  
Mrs. Wm Sawhill..... Mary O'Hagan  
Mr. Reiser..... Janitor

This play was most entertaining and laughable. Following the play came the song, "Mary Malone," by Mrs. Sawhill, and was done to the King's taste. Refreshments were then served and everybody left, satisfied with the evening's good things and him or herself.

The Local Branch, P. S. A. D., will give an entertainment for the benefit of the Doylestown Home, at their hall in Washington Bank Building, April 10th. The feature of the program will be a series of shadow pantomimes depicting stories dear to every heart. Subjects and cast of characters will be announced later.

It is reported that Miss Susan Campbell has been sent to the Woodville Infirmary. Ill health and worry seem to have undermined her mental balance. It is hoped by her many friends she may soon be fully restored to health.

G. M. T.

## Lutheran Mission

St. Matthew's Lutheran Church for the Deaf. Services in the sign-language in the church, 426 Broome Street, every Sunday at 3 P.M.

ARTHUR BOLL, Pastor.

## ENTERTAINMENT

### AND DANCE

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**Saturday, April 24, 1915**

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Commences at 8 o'clock

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## St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes

AT

511 West 148 Street.

## BASKET BALL

NEXT GAME

**Saturday, March 27**

AT 8:30 P.M.

ST. ANN'S SILENT FIVE

VS.

UNIVERSITY FIVE

Admission - - 15 cents

(Ladies - 10 cents.)

## N. A. D. MOVING PICTURE FILMS.

The following films are ready for exhibition purposes:—

1. The Lorna Doone Country of Devonshire, England. By Dr. E. M. Galludet. It is 1075 feet long and was made in Washington, D. C., in 1910.
2. Presentation Week at Galludet College, showing panorama of Galludet College, Presentation Day, and Class Day. Length 460 feet and was made in May, 1911.
3. Extracts from addresses by Mr. R. P. MacGregor, including: "The Irishman and the Flea" and "The Queen and the Cake." Length 200 feet and was made in Chicago in December, 1912.
4. Emperor Dom Pedro's visit to Galludet College. By Dr. Edward Allen Fay. Length 1,000 feet. Made in Washington, D. C., in June, 1913.
5. The Universal Brotherhood of Man and Fatherhood of God. A lay-sermon by Mr. R. P. MacGregor. Made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1913. Length 1,000 feet.
6. Memories of Old Hartford. By Dr. John B. Hotchkiss. Length about 1,100 feet and made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1913.
7. The Escape of Abbe Sicard. By Dr. James L. Smith. Length 415 feet. Made in Chicago, in July, 1913.
8. The Preservation of the Sign Language. By George William Veditz. This was taken at the Cleveland Convention of the N. A. D., in August, 1913, and is about 1,000 feet long.
9. A Memorial Address at the tomb of Garfield. By Mr. Willis Hubbard. This film shows a good view of the tomb with several hundred delegates to the Cleveland Convention in the foreground. Length about 800 feet. Made in August, 1912.
10. The Death of Minnehaha. By Mrs. Mary Williamson Erd. Introduction by Mr. Jay C. Howard. Length 1,050 feet. This film was made during the Cleveland Convention. The photographing was done on the estate of Mr. John D. Rockefeller by special permission of Mr. Rockefeller.
11. A Plea for a Statue of De l'Epee in America. By Rev. Mr. Cloud and Father McCarthy. This film was also made in Cleveland during the N. A. D. convention. 400 feet long.
12. Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf, at Staunton, Va., in July, 1914. This film shows a group picture of the delegates, also thirty-three superintendents of State schools for the Deaf, taken in small groups. It is about 400 feet long and very interesting.
13. Signs and Signs. By Dr. J. S. Long. Length 400 feet. This film was made in Washington, D. C., in July, 1914.
14. The Lord's Prayer. By Rev. Mr. Flick. Length about 60 feet. Made in Chicago.

Other films are being planned. Suggestions concerning whom to select as lecturers, and any suggestions pertaining to the management of the films, will be gladly received.

I shall be pleased to correspond with and give what help I can to persons desiring to use the films. Our films have been shown in different sections of the country and always with pleasure and profit to those who have seen them.

In order to pay running expenses and keep the films in repair, a charge for the use of the films is made. The terms are \$5.00 for use of 4000 feet of film for one exhibition and express charges both ways.

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